

CRIME
and
JUSTICE

CRIME and JUSTICE



10¢ NO 8
LWC

WELL, MR. CHASE,
YA FOUND OUT THE CAR
IS **SOLID GOLD!** TOO
BAD IT WON'T DO YOU
ANY GOOD **NOW!**

SPLAT!

LET PETE
DRILL HIM, BOSS!
WE'LL TAKE MRS.
CHASE WITH
US!

LET ME
PLUG 'IM,
BOSS!





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KILLER CLUES

YOU BE THE DETECTIVE!



EMERY STONE
THE VICTIM. A SCROOGE TYPE OF CHARACTER WHO CARED ABOUT NO ONE BUT HIMSELF!



JOSEPH GROFF
CIGAR SMOKING BUSINESS PARTNER OF EMERY'S. HE STOOD TO GAIN THE OTHER HALF OF THE SUCCESSFUL HARDWARE FIRM. WAS **VERY** FOND OF...



LILLY STONE
EMERY'S BEAUTIFUL AND FLIRTATIOUS WIFE. SHE LIKED MONEY, PARTIES, CLOTHES AND MORE MONEY. ALSO, SHE WAS SOLE BENEFICIARY IN EMERY'S \$100,000 INSURANCE POLICY!



DON COPPER
EMERY'S RIVAL... NOT ONLY IN THE HARDWARE BUSINESS... BUT FOR LILLY'S AFFECTIONS!



ALLAN COLE
HANDLED FINANCES AND THE BOOKS IN THE STONE-GROFF HARDWARE FIRM. SURE... HE HAD JUGGLED THE BOOKS AROUND TO THE TUNE OF \$67,000... BUT SO FAR IT HADN'T BEEN DISCOVERED.



JIM FAGER
UNDERPAID HANDY MAN AND CHAUFFEUR TO EMERY STONE!

IT HAD BEEN RAINING FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH WAS DISCOVERED AT 3 A.M. BY THE COP ON THE BEAT. HE HAD CHECKED ON THE LIGHT STILL BURNING AT THE FIRM'S REAR OFFICE WINDOW AND CONTACTED THE POLICE STATION FROM HIS CALL BOX SINCE ALL THE DOORS AT THE HARDWARE COMPANY WERE LOCKED. EVERYONE CONCERNED IN THE CASE WAS LATER ROUSED OUT OF BED AND QUESTIONED.



I LEFT AT ELEVEN P.M. AND MR. STONE WAS STILL ARGUING WITH HIS WIFE IN HIS OFFICE.

LIL AND I LEFT TOGETHER AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT AND THEN WENT TO THE FLAMINGO CLUB. HE WAS STILL WORKING!

HE SAID HE'D COMMIT SUICIDE IF I LEFT HIM.

I WAS MR. GROFF'S WAITER AT THE FLAMINGO CLUB AND I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING EITHER OF THEM LEAVE TILL ABOUT 3:30.

I WAS TO HAVE PICKED UP MR. STONE AT ELEVEN TONIGHT BUT HE CALLED UP AND SAID HE WOULD TAKE A TAXI... AND THAT I SHOULD GO TO SLEEP.

WHO OR WHOM ARE THE KILLERS?
OR MAYBE IT WAS SUICIDE?
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWER..

THE DEATH OCCURRED BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND THREE A.M. BURNS ON EMERY'S HAND AND THE SCUFF MARKS ON THE RUG INDICATE HE WAS DRAGGED THERE. THE KILLER, EVIDENTLY A PERSON WHO HAD THE KEYS TO THE OFFICE SINCE ALL THE DOORS WERE LOCKED, ENTERED ABOUT ONE A.M. AFTER IT HAD STARTED RAINING, EVIDENCED BY THE DAMP TRACKS ON THE RUG. THE KILLER SNEAKED IN... CAUGHT EMERY BY SURPRISE WRITING A LETTER TO HIS WIFE TELLING OF HIS INTENTIONS TO DIVORCE HER. HE HIT STONE ON THE HEAD WITH THE GUN GROFF KEPT IN HIS DESK AND RANGED AN APPARENT SUICIDE. HE KNEW THE POLICE WERE SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THROUGH IT AND PUSHED EVIDENCE POINTING TO GROFF AND MARGE MRS. STONE... BUT MOTHER NATURE GAVE MR. ALLAN COLE AWAY!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

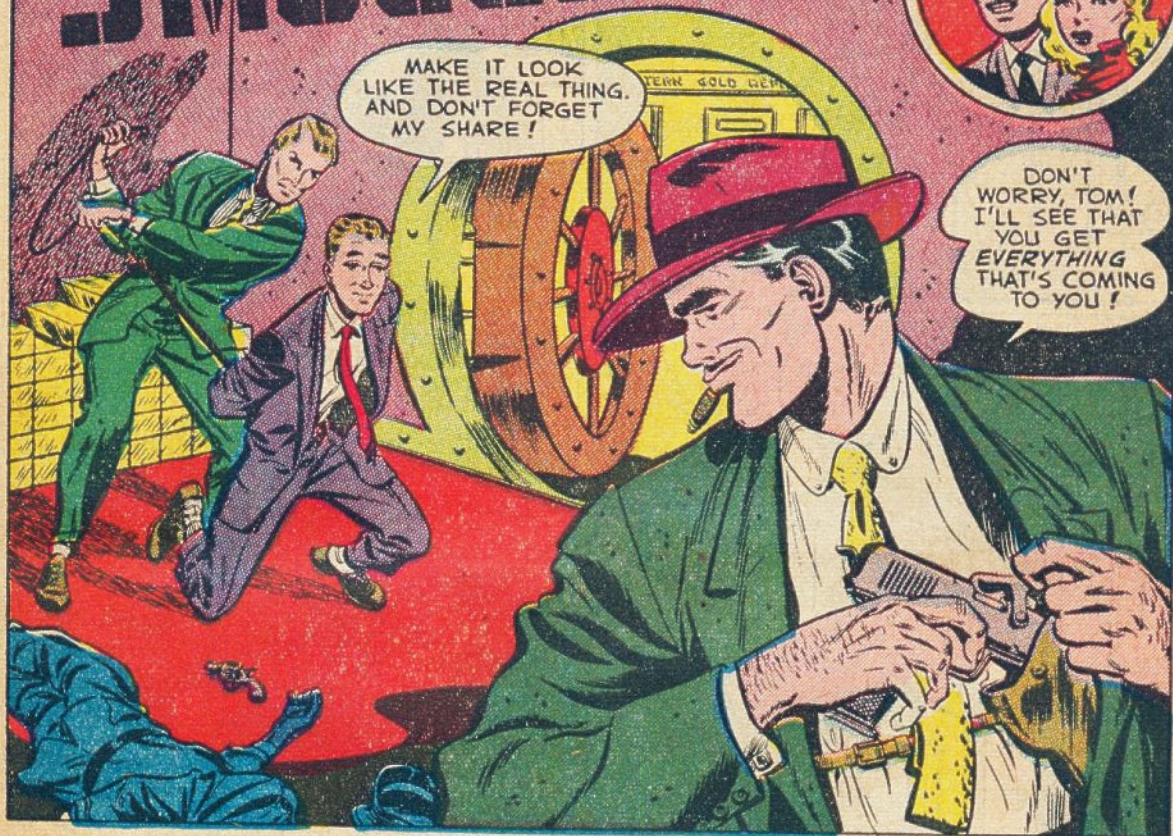
MIKE REARDON AND HIS GANG HAD CAREFULLY PLANNED TO LOOT THE WESTERN GOLD REFINING COMPANY OF A FORTUNE IN THE PRECIOUS METAL AND THEN SMUGGLE IT ABROAD. BUT THEY FORGOT THAT MR. AND MRS. CHASE MIGHT GET INTO THE PICTURE AND UPSET THEIR PLANS!

SMUGGLER!



MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING. AND DON'T FORGET MY SHARE!

DON'T WORRY, TOM! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING THAT'S COMING TO YOU!



THIS LOOKS SIMPLE! EVERYTHING SHOULD GO LIKE CLOCKWORK! WHEN IS THIS TOM FELLOW GOING TO SHOW UP?

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE. MIKE REARDON DOESN'T LIKE TO WAIT FOR ANY GUY OR DAME



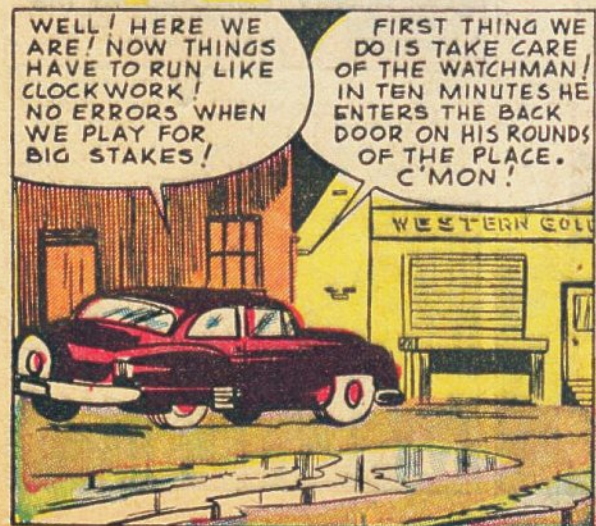
TOM HURLEY, EMPLOYED BY THE WESTERN GOLD REFINING CO., ENTERED AT THAT MOMENT...

WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE! WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BECOME CHICKEN!

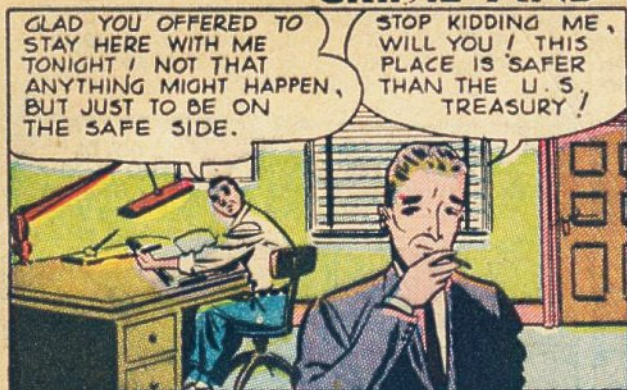
TRAFFIC ON MAIN STREET IS GETTING IMPOSSIBLE! SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING!



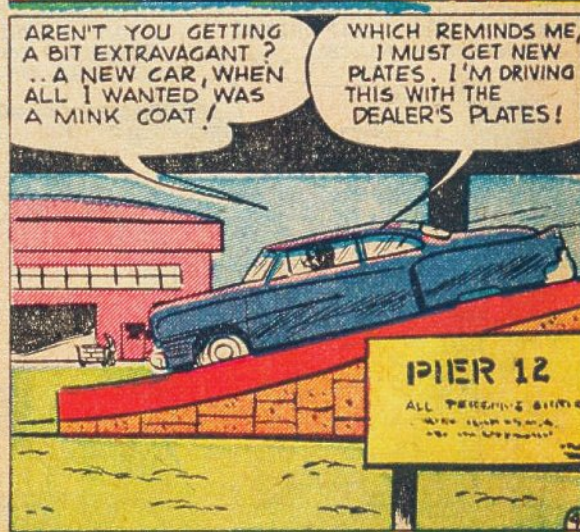
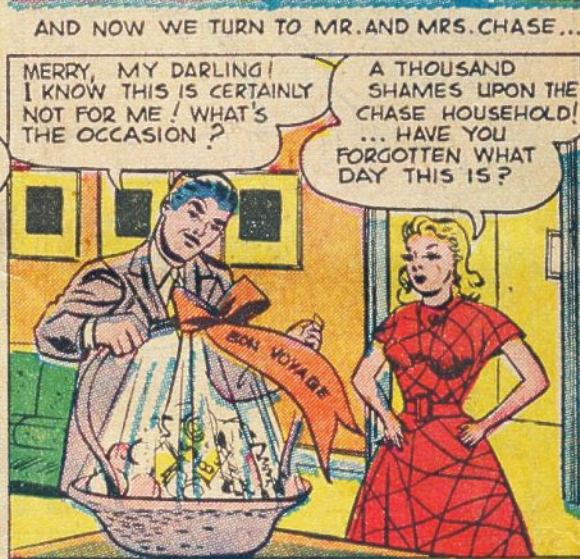
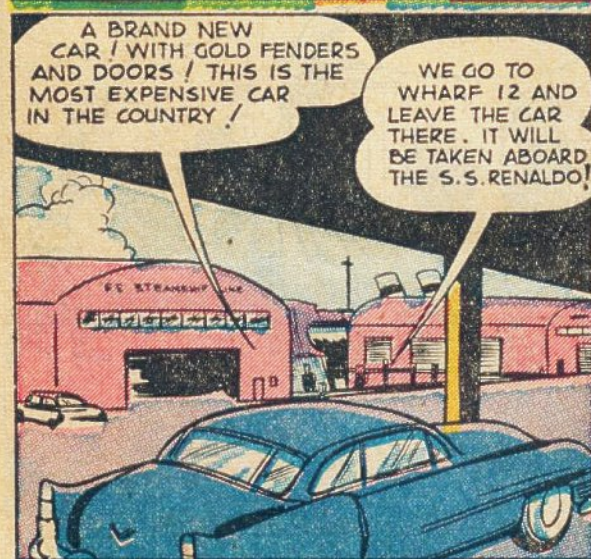
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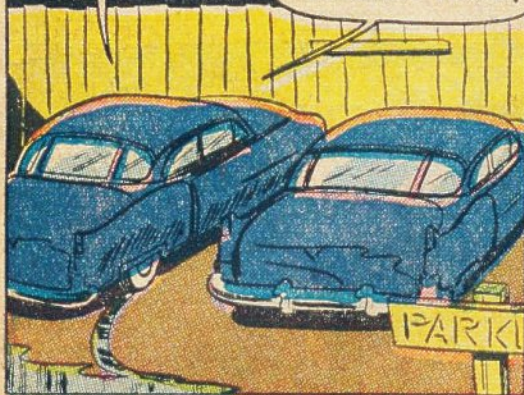
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I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE SAD OR GLAD THAT AUNT EMMA IS TAKING THIS TRIP ABROAD!

AT LEAST IT WILL DO US SOME GOOD NOT TO HEAR HER COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING AND EVERY PERSON IN THIS SMALL WORLD!



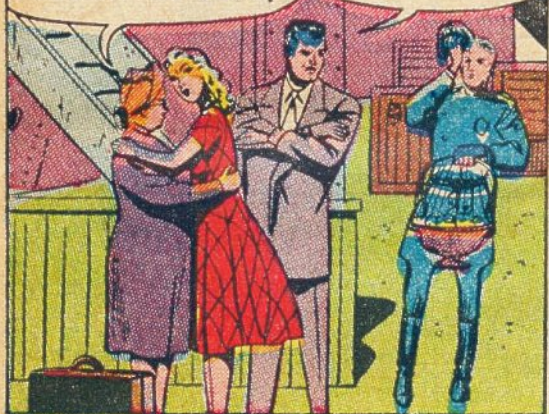
UNLESS MY EYES DECEIVE ME, IT'S OFFICER HOGAN IN THE FLESH AND BLOOD!

CAPTAIN HASS SENT ME TO FIND YOU TWO. WANTS YOU BOTH DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS! SOMETHING IMPORTANT!



I KNOW YOU BOTH MUST BE UNDER ARREST! SOMETHING TERRIBLE I SUPPOSE... MURDER, ARSON ... OR BOTH!

I WISH THE PARROT WERE HERE! HE'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION!



BUT UPON RETURNING TO THE PARKING AREA, THE CHASES ENTERED THE WRONG CAR ...

I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER NOT TO LEAVE THE KEY IN THE IGNITION! I CERTAINLY AM GETTING ABSENT MINDED!

I ALWAYS SAID IT WAS A GOOD THING THAT YOUR HEAD WAS PERMANENTLY ATTACHED TO YOUR NECK. OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT LOSE IT!



I FOLLOWED YOU ON MY MOTORCYCLE, MR. CHASE. IF YOU HAD SPEEDED, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HONORED TO GIVE YOU A TICKET!

DO WE REALLY KNOW THIS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LAW... OR SHALL WE DENY HIS EXISTENCE? HE'S REALLY A ZOMBIE WITH A BADGE!



OUTSIDE, PETE IS ASKING HIMSELF A LOT OF SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS

WHAT SHALL I DO? WISH MIKE HAD BEEN AROUND WHEN THEY TOOK OUR CAR! WONDER WHY THAT OFFICER FOLLOWED THEM? WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS? WHAT SHALL I DO?



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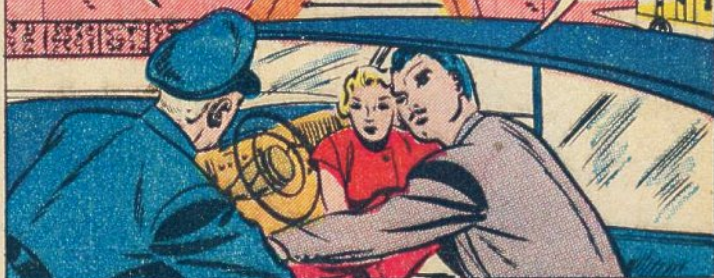
IT WAS A TERRIBLY BRUTAL KILLING! NO NEED TO HAVE SHOT POOR TOM HURLEY. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY DIDN'T THEY ALSO KILL THE OTHER TWO MEN?

MAX, WE'LL DO ANYTHING WE CAN TO HELP YOU ON THIS CASE. BUT WITHOUT A SINGLE CLUE IT'S LIKE GOING UP A BLIND ALLEY!



AND I DON'T HAVE TO ADD THAT THE NEWS-PAPERS ARE DEMANDING ACTION. EVEN THE MAYOR ACTED A BIT NASTY.

HM... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO FIND THE KILLER FOR YOU. WELL, REST ASSURED IF WE DO, YOU WILL BE QUITE WELCOME TO HIS SCALP!



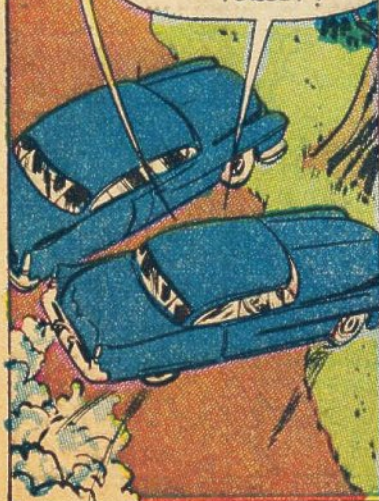
I WONDER IF THE PARROT MISSED US? POLLY SHOULD HAVE COME WITH US! ANYWAY, WE'LL SOON BE HOME.

THERE'S A CAR FOLLOWING US, MERRY! I HOPE HE MISSES US THE WAY HE'S DRIVING!



CURTIS! WATCH YOUR DRIVING! THAT MANIAC IS TRYING TO RUN US OFF THE ROAD!

RUN US OFF THE ROAD, EH? I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON ABOUT ROAD MANNERS HE WON'T FORGET!



YOU TWO GET OUT OF THAT CAR... AND IN A HURRY OR I'LL GIVE YOU SOME LEAD POISONING!

CURTIS, THAT MAN HAS NO CULTURE! DIDN'T EVEN USE THE WORD PLEASE!

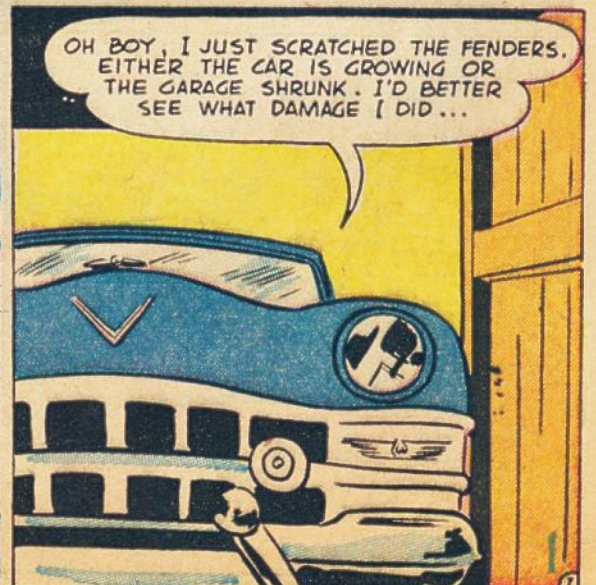
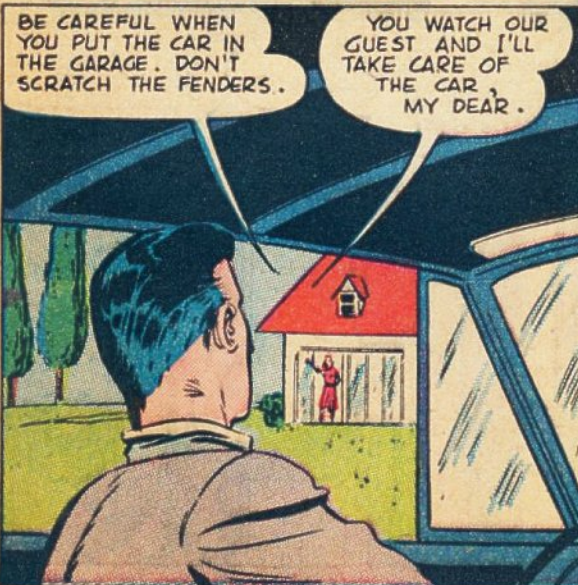
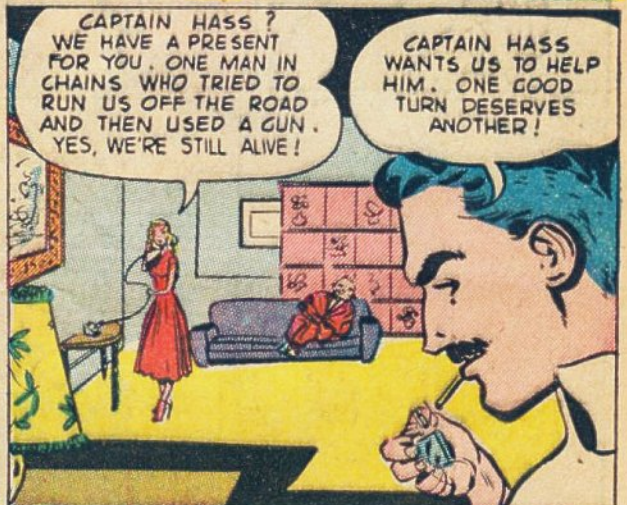
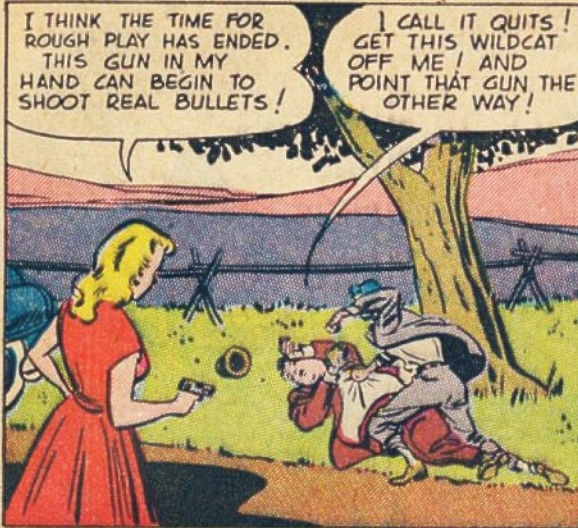


GET HIM, DARLING! I THINK HE WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH!

I'LL KILL YOU TWO FOR THIS! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THIS PLAYBOY! I'LL BREAK HIM IN HALF!



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IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I HIT SOMETHING GOLDEN. WAIT A MINUTE! I SCRATCHED THE FENDER AND THE REGULAR PAINT CAME OFF. WHAT IS THIS FENDER MADE OUT OF? I BETTER CALL MERRY!



DARLING, COME OUT HERE FOR A MINUTE... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

I'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH! I DON'T THINK OUR PRISONER IS VERY COMFORTABLE! HOPE THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON.



CURT! THIS ISN'T OUR CAR! IT LOOKS THE SAME... BUT OUR CAR HAD A DEALER'S LICENSE ON IT. THIS IS A DIFFERENT LICENSE!

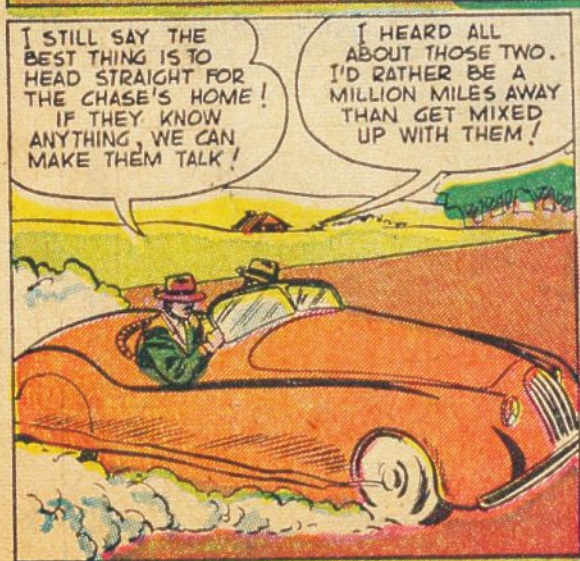
AND WHAT MAKES IT MORE PUZZLING IS THE FENDER! LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE OF GOLD!

MEANWHILE...



WHERE IS PETE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT CAR OF OURS?

I SAW PETE CHASE A CAR WITH THOSE AMATEUR DICKS, MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN IT. SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG!



I STILL SAY THE BEST THING IS TO HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE CHASE'S HOME! IF THEY KNOW ANYTHING, WE CAN MAKE THEM TALK!

I HEARD ALL ABOUT THOSE TWO. I'D RATHER BE A MILLION MILES AWAY THAN GET MIXED UP WITH THEM!



IF THE POLICE DON'T HURRY, WE MAY HAVE TO INVITE OUR UNDESIRABLE GUEST TO EAT WITH US!

SHALL WE GIVE HIM AN ARSENIC SALAD? OR... CYANIDE SOUP?

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MERRY, WANTING TO STALL UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVED, SCHEMED A DESPERATE PLAN....



CRIME AND JUSTICE



READ THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE...MORE MYSTERY.. MORE THRILLS...AND MORE.. MERRY AND CURTIS.

CRIME AND JUSTICE *The* **TORTURED**



THE TWO HOODLUMS LANDED IN A SMALL MID-WESTERN TOWN...

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE CAN FIND ANY TOUCHES OR SUCKERS. I THINK WE BETTER BLOW THIS TOWN IN THE MORNING.

I AGREE WITH YOU. NOTHING WORTH STEALING IN THIS TOWN. WE HIT THE ROAD IN THE MORNING!



WELCOME, MR. NASH. WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU. DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD GET HERE THIS EVENING.

IF IT ISN'T OUR BEST FRIEND, JACK NASH. NOW WE'LL ALL BE HAPPY AND GAY!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

COME ON MY FRIENDS THE DRINKS ARE ON ME! I WANT YOU ALL TO FEEL HAPPY AND GAY!

SAY HERB, I GUESS THAT INVITATION INCLUDES US. HE MUST BE A GUY WITH DOUGH PAYING FOR THE DRINKS!



FOR JACK IS A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW -- A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW. ALWAYS BUYING DRINKS FOR US.

YESSIR, THIS MR. NASH CERTAINLY IS A GOOD SPORT. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW US AND INVITES US FOR DRINKS!



THE KID WENT FISHING FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE NEXT PROSPECTIVE VICTIM SAY, JUST WHO IS THAT GUY? IS HE LOADED WITH DOUGH OR DOES HE SNEAK THAT OUT OF HIS PAY ENVELOPE WHEN HIS OLD LADY ISN'T LOOKING? WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

JACK NASH IS THIS TOWN'S MAN OF MYSTERY. HE DOESN'T WORK. LIVES OUTSIDE TOWN NEAR THE LAKE IN A SHACK WITH A FRIEND - SAM WILSON. BUT HE ALWAYS HAS CASH. THEY SAY HE HAS A FORTUNE BURIED SOMEPLACE!



WE KNOW HOW TO GET TO THE SHACK. HE MUST HAVE SOME DOUGH SALTED AWAY IN HIS PLACE. AND WE CAN ALWAYS GET HIM TO TALK!

THAT BLOWTORCH WE CARRY IN THE CAR IS A GOOD CONVINCER. IT WILL MAKE ANY TONGUE TALK. SO WE PAY THIS GUY AND HIS PAL A VISIT!



NOW REMEMBER THE ROUTINE. WE USE THE "WE HAD AN ACCIDENT" GIMMICK TO GET INSIDE. IT HASN'T FAILED US SO FAR!

WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S TOO LATE. GO AWAY AND COME BACK TOMORROW!



MY CAR SKIDDED DOWN THE ROAD AND HIT A POLE. MY WIFE IS SERIOUSLY INJURED. I NEED HELP OR SHE WILL DIE! CAN I BRING HER IN?

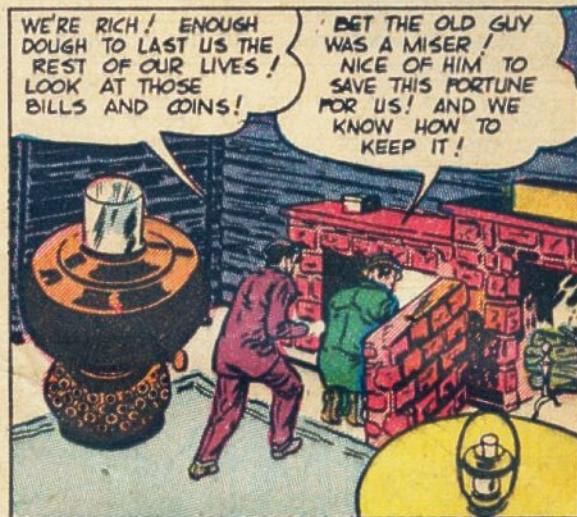
THAT'S TERRIBLE. OF COURSE YOU CAN BRING YOUR WIFE IN HERE. WAIT 'TIL I UNLOCK THIS DOOR! I WILL HELP YOU!



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... To Punish Or Protect

Beads of perspiration were forming on the forehead of Frank Denvers, bank guard. "Look here," he pleaded with the sheriff, "You don't really think I killed Old Man Hartley?"

The officer of the law studied the young man sitting opposite him. "What I personally think doesn't count a bit. It's what the facts show. Now you just tell me your story and we'll see where the facts lead us."

Ordinarily 180 pound, well proportioned Frank Denvers would have been a picture of composure. But with a possible murder charge facing him, he was understandably nervous.

"Every now and then, I get odd jobs, when my work at the bank is finished" he began. "On Thursday afternoon Mr. Hartley telephoned me at my home. He wanted me to come over to his office in the evening, not later than 8 o'clock. Said he had to go out to Ridgewood and carry a large sum of money with him. Offered me ten dollars if I would act as his bodyguard. I accepted on condition that if a hold-up were to take place, I would not be required to shoot. He said that this was satisfactory since he carried a special policy to cover such events. When I came to his office, someone opened the door, and smack, right over the head I got it. When I came to, Old Man Hartley was dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his head and my gun was missing."

"You can also say that seventy-five thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills were missing," added the sheriff. "But what I want to know most is why you told Old Man Hartley you wouldn't shoot in case of a hold-up?"

The bank guard bit his lip before answering. But the friendly attitude of Sheriff Wilson Hedgley made things easy. The middle aged, stout, balding man seemed more like a grandfather than the kind of a man determined to follow a clue to its end, no matter where it led.

"This may sound funny to you, but you can check the facts with my boss, Mr. Carl Williams, over at First National. My gun had no firing pin.

When Mr. Williams hired me he told me that his brother had been killed in an accident while handling a gun. He hated firearms. But a gun with a guard spelled confidence in a bank. In case of a hold-up, I was not to resist. The bank was insured against such a loss. In addition, every criminal who had held up a bank in the city during the past ten years had been caught, thanks to you and your staff."

The compliment went unnoticed as the telephone on the sheriff's desk rang. He answered it, listened carefully, unconsciously shook his head, and said but one word, "Thanks." Then he replaced the receiver on the hook.

"That was our ballistics expert calling," he explained. The coroner removed the bullet from Old Man Hartley's brain. It weighed 72 grains which means it was from a .32 caliber gun. Your permit calls for a .32 caliber Colt Automatic. This type of gun has a left twist rifling. The bullet showed a right twist rifling. That means you are innocent. Probably the original plan was to shoot Old Man Hartley with your gun and leave it behind. The conclusion was to be very simple. A terrible struggle had taken place. You killed your victim and in the fight you were knocked unconscious. What about the money? I guess we were to deduce that you had a confederate who vanished with it and left you holding the bag. But when the killer pulled the trigger and found the gun didn't work, he had to do some fast thinking. He, or someone-else, had a .32 caliber gun. This was used to kill the Old Man. It was necessary to take your gun away, lest ballistics showed that the bullet didn't come from your gun. What the killer didn't know was the fact that your gun wasn't needed at all for a ballistics check. It is the job of the law to see that the innocent man goes free as well as to catch and convict the guilty man."

As the full significance of the Sheriff's words dawned upon Frank Denvers, he felt like shouting aloud with glee. "Does that mean I am free to leave now?" he asked.

The sheriff shrugged his shoulders. "Suit yourself. If you are tired you can go home and get

some rest. If not, I think you are entitled to see how we handle our other suspect."

Finishing those words, the sheriff arose, and beckoned to the bank guard to follow him. The two men then went into an adjoining room. There in a chair was a thin man wearing eyeglasses. At his side was a deputy sheriff.

"In case you two haven't met before," began the sheriff, "I better take care of the introductions. Frank Denvers, meet Ralph Simpson." And then as an added afterthought, the sheriff commented, "In case you do not know the simple fact, Mr. Denvers, you can learn right now that Mr. Simpson happened to work for the late Mr. Hartley. He was in the office when you received the phone call. Since he had the opportunity and the motive, that would make him suspect number two. Quite logical?"

"I'll sue you for false arrest," shouted a red faced Mr. Simpson. "And wait till election time comes. I'll see every paper in town is against you."

"Watch your blood pressure," suggested the sheriff. Then turning to the deputy he asked, "Are the reports down?" "Sure, right on the desk," was the answer. The sheriff lifted a sheet of paper and studied it carefully. Then turning to Mr. Simpson, he began speaking.

"You were very brave and quite willing to take a lie detector test. As you probably know, our polygraph records pulse, blood pressure, and respiration. We also had your blood pressure and heart checked by our physician. Since you are suffering from a heart condition and high blood pressure, the results show you might be lying and you might be telling the truth."

"What about the other results?" demanded Ralph Simpson. The sheriff studied his suspect number two a minute, before answering. "You certainly were scared when you were informed we were going to take a gunpowder test to see whether or not you fired a gun within the last twenty-four hours. The results show definitely you were in contact with gunpowder."

Ralph Simpson turned a ghastly white. "I swear I'm innocent. I know you won't believe it, but I was shooting off fireworks on the beach early this morning."

"Sure, I believe it," agreed a pleasant officer of the law. "For when we analyzed the contents of the gunpowder it wasn't the kind used in cart-

ridges. Turned out to be the commercial formula for fireworks. Just bear in mind, the law wants to protect the innocent as well as punish the guilty. You can leave now."

It was a wan smile that began to appear on Simpson's face. Then almost together, he and Frank Denvers asked the same question. "Who did the killing, who is the guilty man?"

"Only one other man knew about the money," remarked the sheriff. "He happens to be one, Mr. Frederick J. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds was to meet Mr. Hartley at the Farview Hotel in Centerville and give him some negotiable bonds for the money. It could be that Mr. Reynolds never had such bonds and went directly to Mr. Hartley's office and killed him for the money."

Another deputy appeared on the scene and beckoned to the sheriff. The two whispered together for a few minutes, then the sheriff said. "If you two want to see our third suspect, just follow me into the main office."

Frederick J. Reynolds, tall, well built, with wavy black hair and a smooth face, was furious when the door opened. "Sheriff, I demand to know why I am here" he sputtered.

"You are being held as a suspect in the murder of the late Mr. Hartley," explained the sheriff, "and if you want me to be exact, the evidence I have against you is going to be turned over to the grand jury in the morning."

Mr. Reynolds didn't bat an eye though his breathing did sound a bit heavier. "Evidence?" he repeated, "You can't have any evidence against me."

"Enough to send you to the chair," continued the sheriff. "You drove your car to the back of Old Man Hartley's office and parked it there. You left tire tracks in the soft ground. We took a plaster of paris moulage of those tracks and compared them with your tires. Match perfectly. And then there was the matter of the hair we found on your coat lapel. A microscopic examination shows it to be identical with hair from the head of Mr. Hartley. Probably in the struggle it came loose from his head."

Reynolds almost collapsed and a deputy helped him into a chair. "It can't be, it can't be," he began to mumble. "Yes it can be," commented the sheriff, as he and the other two men left the room. "The purpose of law and science is to protect the innocent and help find and punish the guilty."

—THE END—

The Bank Robbers' Revenge

JACK FAVOR AND TWO OF HIS BOYS CHARLEY BANTA AND HUGO LOBO HAVE JUST ROBBED THE NATIONAL BANK. A GUARD WAS KILLED. EDLY WAS SHOT DOWN AS HE WENT FOR HIS GUN. HE WILL JUSTICE TRIUMPH OVER THIS DISREGARD FOR LIFE AND PROPERTY?

YOU FOLKS SAW WHAT THIS GUARD GOT DON'T MOVE FOR TEN MINUTES AFTER WE LEAVE THIS PLACE IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!

WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! SOME FOOL CLERK JUST SOUNDED THE BURGLAR ALARM.

DRIN DING-DING-DING

NATIONAL BANK

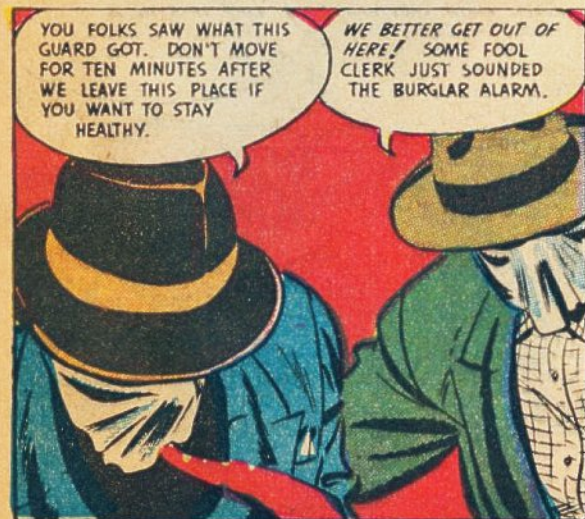
HOURS 10-5

THE THREE OF US CAN HANDLE THIS JOB WITH EASE. AFTER IT'S FINISHED, WE DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL AVENUE TO HUDSON PARKWAY AND PICK UP THE OTHER CAR WE PARKED ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.

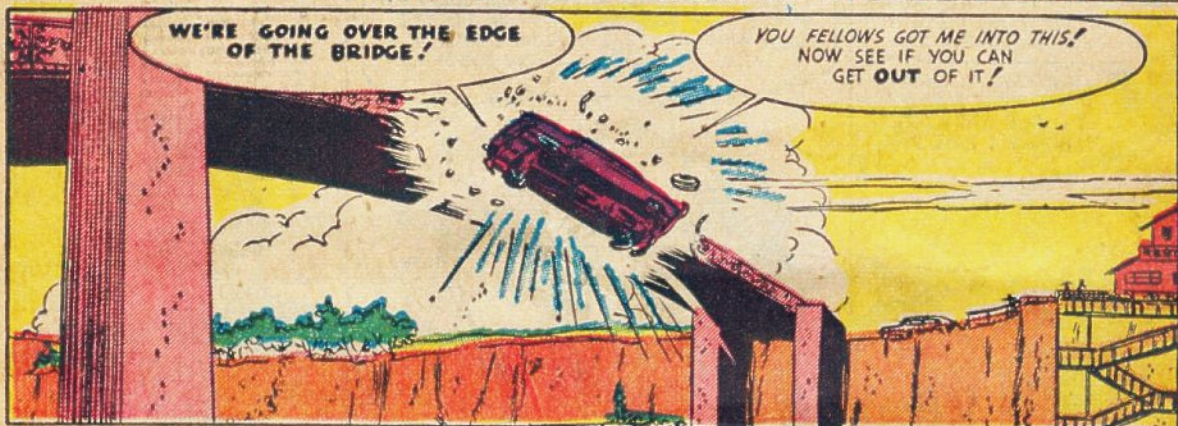
AND WITH THOSE TOMMY-GUNS I THINK WE CAN HANDLE ANY COPS THAT WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR US.



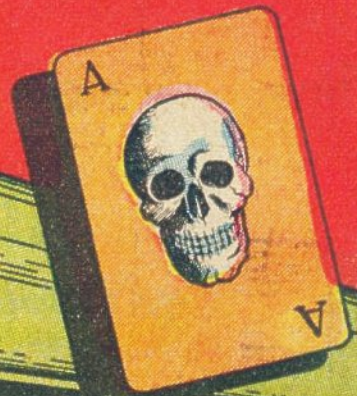
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HIGH CARD KILLS

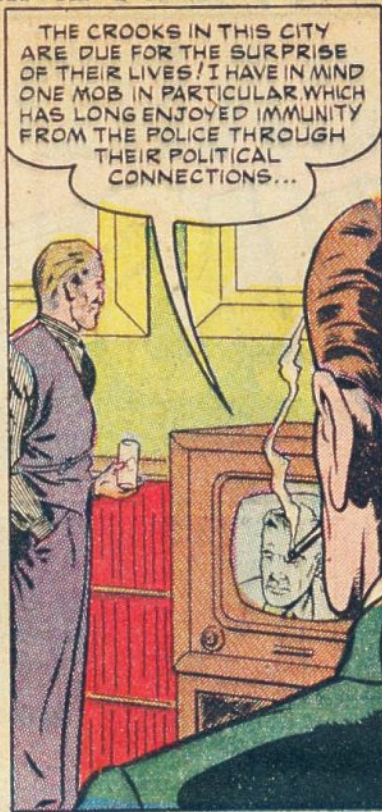


GARL DEVERS
WAS ELECTED D.A.
ON HIS PROMISES TO
CLEAN UP THE CITY, START-
ING WITH THE BOSS OF THE
RACKETS HIMSELF! THE ONLY
DRAWBACK WAS THAT THE D.A.
HAD NO EVIDENCE WITH WHICH
TO FIGHT THE RACKETEERS,
BUT GANGLAND'S GUNS
WERE ONLY TOO READY
AND WILLING TO
FIGHT THE D.A.

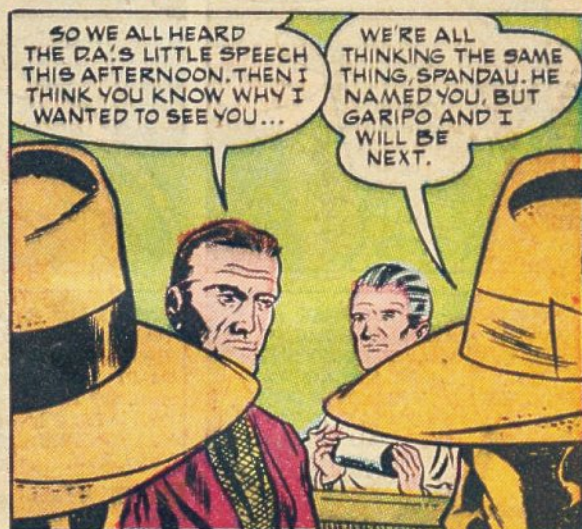
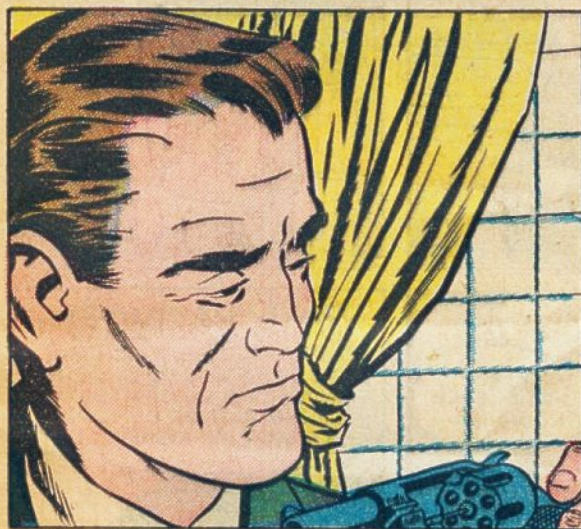
STAND RIGHT
WHERE YOU ARE,
DEVERS, YOU'RE
A PERFECT
TARGET!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



LATER THAT NIGHT...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

RADIO PATROL

FOLLOW THE RADIO PATROL IN ANOTHER OF THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES... TEX AND BARRY STUMBLE ON THE TRAIL OF A HIJACKING GANG THAT WOULD COMMIT MURDER IF NECESSARY... IN

THE HOLIDAY HIJACKERS



...T. THEY HIJACKED MY TRUCK... I SAW A... FELLOW LYING ON THE ROAD NEXT TO A SMASHED BICYCLE... HE... LOOKED INJURED... SO I TRIED TO HELP HIM... B. BUT...

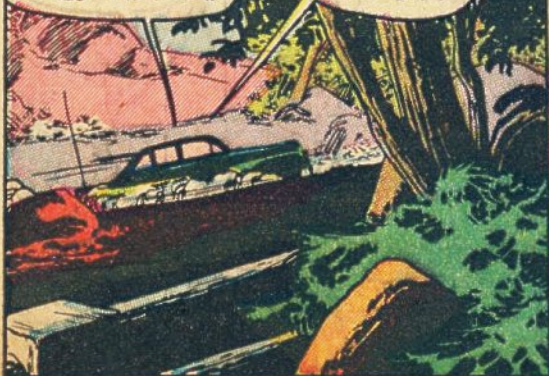
... HE'S IN BAD SHAPE BARRY... GUN WOUND... WE BETTER GET HIM TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL, AND FAST!

JOHN BELFI

EVERYTHING SEEMED SO NICE AND QUIET ON THAT PARTICULAR DAY...

WHAT A NICE PEACEFUL DAY. WISH EVERY DAY WERE SUNDAY. WHEN PEOPLE FORGET THEIR TROUBLES OF THE WORLD AND RELAX!

THERE'S SOMETHING MY STOMACH WOULDN'T FORGET.. IT HAPPENS TO BE EMPTY! LET'S STOP AT MIKE'S PLACE AND EAT!



WELL, WHAT WILL IT BE BOYS? TODAY'S SPECIAL IS A COMBINATION SANDWICH OF HAM, CHEESE, AND TURKEY!

BARRY IS SO HUNGRY, HE COULD EAT A DOZEN OF 'EM. I'LL TAKE A HOT CUP OF COFFEE, LIGHT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

TEX AND BARRY MEET AN OLD FRIEND...

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE... IT'S SAM DIETZ! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DRIVING A TRUCK ONLY IN THE MID-WEST! GOOD TO SEE YOU!

THE COMPANY SHIFTED ME BACK TO THIS TERRITORY! ONLY I DON'T LIKE THE SUNDAY RUN.. I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH THE WIFE AND KIDS!

I'M CARRYING A FULL CARGO OF NYLON STOCKINGS... MUST BE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE... WELL, SO LONG, BOYS.. SEE YOU SOON!

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF... AND REMEMBER US TO THE WIFE!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO FASTER IF I WANT TO KEEP UP ON SCHEDULE... GOT TO MAKE LARSTOWN BY FIVE O'CLOCK AND TURN THE TRUCK OVER TO THE RELIEF DRIVER!



I WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU SAM IF YOU JUST CONTINUED DRIVING...

GOSH! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW LYING NEXT TO HIS BIKE... LOOKS LIKE A HIT AND RUN JOB... IT'S AGAINST COMPANY RULES TO STOP... BUT I CAN'T LET A MAN DIE!

OOOWWWWWW..



MY HEAD! I WAS SMACKED BY A CAR.. P. PLEASE HELP ME...

TAKE IT EASY... DON'T MOVE BECAUSE YOU MAY HAVE A FRACTURE. I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU...

SUCKER YOU ARE! WALKED INTO THIS TRAP LIKE A SPIDER GETS A FLY...

YOU AREN'T HURT... THIS IS A SETUP AND I FELL FOR IT... WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE HIJACKER DIDN'T KNOW SAM WAS AN EX-FIGHTER

SO YOU PLAY DIRTY... WELL, I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET! I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!

YOU LOUSE! YOU MUST HAVE A HEAD MADE OF IRON! I CAN'T FIGHT WITH YOU SO...



GO ON AND FIGHT WITH THIS .45 SLUG... THIS WILL FINISH YOU. I'D LIKE TO STAY AROUND AND SEE YOU CROAK, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!

ARGHH!



TEX, LOOK... THERE'S SOMEONE AHEAD... HE'S STAGGERING AS IF HE'S BEEN INJURED!

INJURED MAN...? WHY THAT LOOKS LIKE SAM!!! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED? HE MIGHT HAVE RUN OFF THE ROAD WITH HIS TRUCK!



IT'S SAM ALRIGHT... WE BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IN A HURRY...

RIGHT! I'LL CALL THE CHIEF ON OUR RADIO AND REPORT. THE HIJACKERS ARE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN!

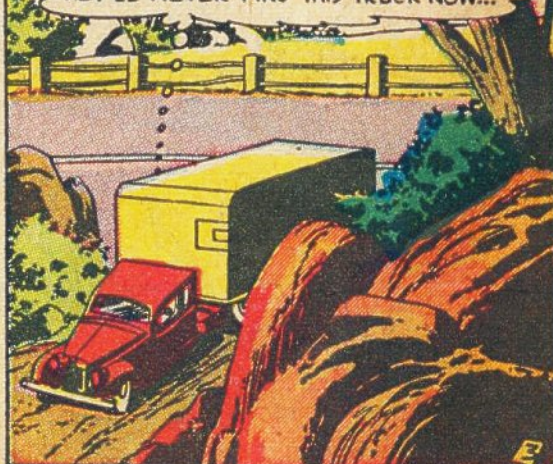


...YES, THE HIJACKERS WERE BACK IN BUSINESS... NOT TOO MANY MILES AWAY THE HIJACKER WAS SPEEDING ON HIS WAY WITH HIS HAUL...

YEAH... THIS SURE WAS AN EASY HAUL... BUT THE NERVE OF THAT PUNK... TRYING TO FIGHT ME, MIKE MARRON... A SLUG IN HIM SURE SHOWED HIM A THING OR TWO... HEH-HEH- I HOPE HE BLEEDS TO DEATH... AND SLOWLY!



CAN'T SEE A CAR IN EITHER DIRECTION... THAT'S GOOD. MEANS I'M NOT BEING FOLLOWED AND THEY'LL NEVER FIND THIS TRUCK NOW...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

COME ON...GET YOUR FEET WORKING.. WE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS TRUCK IN A HURRY AND DESTROY ALL POSSIBLE CLUES... WE CAN'T PRESS OUR LUCK TOO FAR. THOSE COPS AREN'T DOPES!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, MIKE. WE'RE WORKING AS FAST AS WE CAN. ED AND FRANK ARE GOING TO RAKE UP THE TIRE MARKS!



THIS IS ABOUT AS FAR AS WE CAN GO... SHE'S BEGINNING TO SLIP...THE GROUND IS PLENTY SOFT...WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?

JUMP OUT! WANT TO GO DOWN INTO THAT WATERY GRAVE?!



THE RADIO PATROL IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB...AND THEY WERE OUT TO FINISH THIS RUTHLESS GANG, AND SOON!

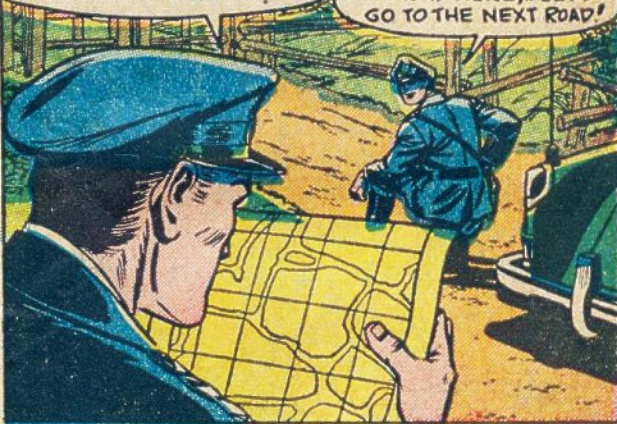
NO TRACE OF THAT TRUCK YET? O.K. WE'LL CONTINUE ON THIS STRETCH OF THE HIGHWAY...SIGNING OFF...

I HOPE SAM PULLS THROUGH... THAT SPECIALIST IN THE HOSPITAL HAD TO OPERATE AT ONCE!



THERE ARE EIGHTEEN DIRT ROAD CUT-OFFS BETWEEN HERE AND DOVER. THE TRUCK NEVER REACHED DOVER ACCORDING TO OUR LAST REPORT!

...RIGHT! THEY MUST HAVE USED ONE OF THESE ROADS... THERE'S NO SIGN OF TRACKS HERE... LET'S GO TO THE NEXT ROAD!



HEY BARRY... STOP THE CAR! THAT LOOKS LIKE A ROAD! IT ISN'T ON OUR MAP... AND WE ALMOST MISSED IT!

YOU'VE GOT SHARP EYES TEX! I COULDN'T SEE A TRACE OF A ROAD AS WE WERE DRIVING!



LOOK HERE, BARRY. THESE ARE FRESH TIRE TRACKS. BET THE HIJACKERS BROUGHT THE TRUCK UP IN THIS PLACE!

AND IT MUST BE VERY RECENT... THEY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO REMOVE THE TRACKS, OR THEY FORGOT ABOUT THEM!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



THIS ROAD LEADS TO THAT FARMHOUSE... LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY RECENTLY MADE THE ROADWAY... WE BETTER LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!

IT MAY LEAD TO A FARMHOUSE, BUT I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING DOWN MY SPINE IT WILL ALSO LEAD TO TROUBLE!

SUDDENLY, TWO MEN EMERGED FROM THE BRUSH...

WELL! WE GOT COMPANY... COPPERS NO LESS! FRANK, TAKE THEM BACK TO THE BOSS, I'M SURE HE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE THEM!

WE NEVER LIKE TO BE TOLD WHERE TO GO, ESPECIALLY BY BUMS LIKE YOU!



... SO YOU FELLOWS WILL HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM US! HERE'S ONE.

YEAH! AND HERE'S MINE! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN LIVING A SOFT LIFE... YOUR STOMACH'S LIKE BLUBBER!

OFF!

THEY WERE SENT OUT TO FLATTEN OUT THE TIRE MARKS. WE GOT HERE A LITTLE AHEAD OF THEIR SCHEDULE!

I GUESS WE BETTER PUT THE CUFFS ON THEM, THEN DUMP THEM INTO THE BACK OF OUR CAR!



COME ON YOU TWO.. GET INTO THE CAR, WE'LL TRY AND GET YOUR BUDDIES TO KEEP YOU COMPANY!

OUR BEST BET IS TO DRIVE UP TO THE FARMHOUSE. IT MUST BE THE HIJACKERS HEAD-QUARTERS!



AT LEAST YOU TWO BOYS MIGHT TELL ME YOUR NAMES... YOU DIDN'T MIND TALKING WHEN YOU HAD GUNS IN YOUR HANDS!

DROP DEAD COPPER... ARE WHEN WE SEE OUR LAWYER!

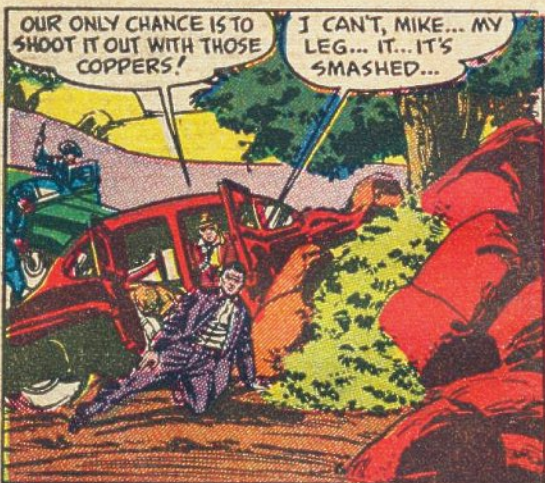
CRIME AND JUSTICE



...THE SECONDS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FURIOUS... BUT LUCKILY THE CAR STOPPED ON ITS WHEELS AGAIN...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



MIKE THOUGHT HE COULD SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE RADIO PATROL, BUT SOON FOUND OUT HOW WRONG HE WAS...



...AND SOON AT HEADQUARTERS WE FOUND OUT ABOUT SAM... HIS OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.. BUT... WE HAD PLENTY ON THE GANG TO KEEP THEM IN JAIL FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS...



IN THE NEXT ISSUE... ADVENTURE AND CRIME AGAIN RIDE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE RADIO PATROL.

The 1 END

CRIME FACTS

EVIDENCE AS TO THE OCCUPATION AND PART OF THE COUNTRY A MAN MAY COME FROM IS USUALLY FOUND IN DUST AND OTHER PARTICLES WHICH COLLECT IN HIS TROUSER CUFFS.



SINCE THE AMOUNT AND GRADATION OF WEAR THAT DIFFERENT PERSONS PUT ON A PAIR OF SHOES IS NEVER THE SAME, IT CAN SAFELY BE PROVEN THAT THE PERSON WAS PRESENT AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME BY MATCHING IT TO ANY SHOE PRINT THAT MAY BE FOUND THERE.

HIT AND RUN KILLERS ARE QUICKLY TRACED BY MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF PAINT FLECKS ON THE CLOTHES OF A VICTIM. IT TELLS THE POLICE THE COLOR, EXACT YEAR AND MAKE OF CAR.



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